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A MERRY  
CHRISTMAS.



Waiting FOR SANTA CLAUS

Marshall



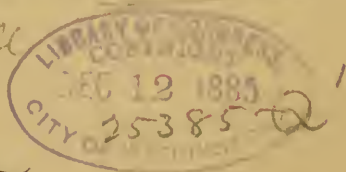


# How the Striped Stockings Spent Christmas



"Something for girls and something for boys,  
Our story will treat of holiday joys."

Nellie R. Marshall  
of Chicago, Ill.

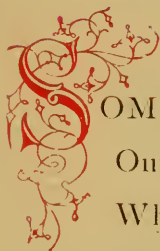


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MS. 12. May, 1912

# How the Striped Stockings Spent Christmas.

BY NELLIE R. MARSHALL.



SOMETHING for girls and something for boys:  
Our story will treat of holiday joys;  
While each one listens with ears attent,  
We'll tell how Christmas by two boys was  
spent.

Now we expect there is nodding of curls,  
And wonderings strange, what's become of the  
girls;

Ah! they were there, too, and full of fun,  
As cheerful and bright as the noonday sun.

Such boys we never, no, never saw;  
One's name was John, but they called him  
Jackdaw;

Edward, the other, was nicknamed Ned;  
Nothing more now of the boys need be said.

THE girls were Florence, Alice and Belle;  
They, too, loved mischief as one soon could  
tell;

They talked about Christmas plans so nice,  
And tried to keep still as three little mice.

Just before Christmas—not more than a week—  
The girls met together in whispers to speak  
About how they'd hang their stockings so high  
That the boys could not reach them, nor into  
them spy.

“Then, too,” said Florence, “ours striped will be.”

“But Ned's look so different; they're socks, you  
see,”

Said Alice, the pet, who had nothing to fear  
From the boys who played pranks with the girls  
every year.








**F**LORENCE had Belle with her to agree  
 That the girls' distinction the "stripes" should  
     be;  
 "For how are we sure that Santa Claus knows  
 Which are the whole, and which the half-hose?"



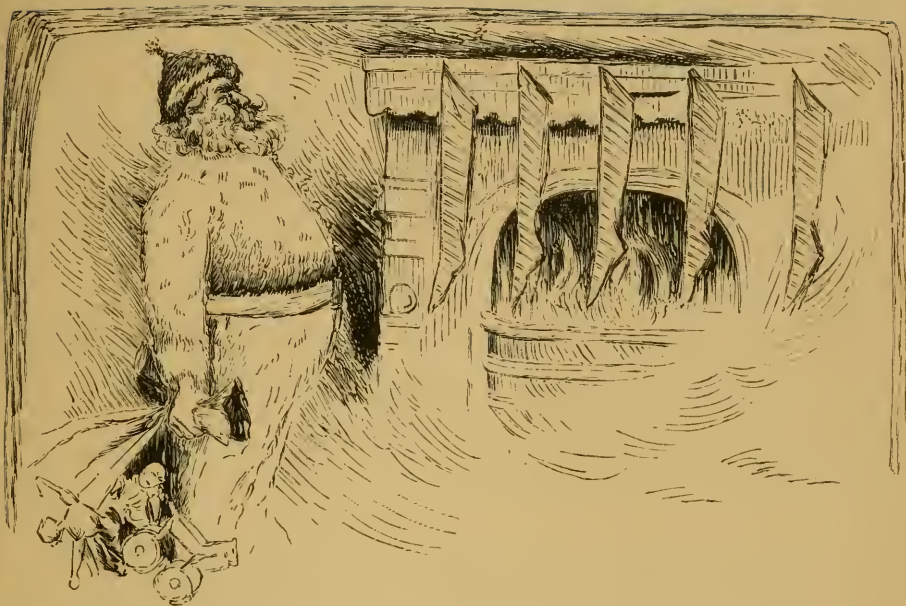
UTSIDE of the door where these three met,  
Were two little heads that seemed wiser yet;  
Jackdaw and Ned had asked to come in,  
And being denied, they thought listening no sin.

“If they have the ‘stripes,’ then, I shall, too,”  
Said Ned, as he waited to hear them through;  
“But, Neddie,” said Jackdaw, “we’re too big  
for those,  
Still, it’s almost a yard from the top to the toes.”

“And just for once, on this Christmas Eve,  
We had better adopt ’em, I do believe;  
We will hang ours up later, after the rest,  
Then Florence can’t say that we’re served the  
best.”







**P**LANS all perfected, the stockings are hung,  
The evening prayer finished, a choral is sung.  
Belle, Florence and Alice, Jackdaw and Ned,  
Each with his secret has crept into bed.




SO LONG a jingle you all may have heard,  
Was followed by Santa Claus, feathered and  
furred:

Softly he peers at the stockings around,  
Greatly he wonders no boys' could be found.

"Five little girls!" he exclaims, half aloud;  
"I'll give them something of which to be proud,  
And useful as well—girls like to sew;  
Here is a thimble and work-box, so-ho!"

He fills them with dolls and dresses as well,  
And fancy hair ribbons—a warm hood for Belle;  
"Yes, hoods alike for four others," he sighs,  
"Will surely be nice and quite a surprise."

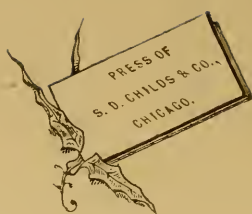


WE think you fancy the morning call,  
The rush for the stockings by one and all;  
But who do you think then opened their  
eyes  
With a look of the blankest, most perfect  
surprise?

The girls, with their ribbons, dolls and  
hoods,  
Or the boys, with thimbles and sundry dry  
goods?  
“It served them right” was the verdict of all,  
For standing and listening in the hall.

Just here we observe a moral lies,  
And one that may open our blinded eyes;  
That we should receive what our lot may  
prepare,  
Nor envy the “stripes,” nor a neighbor his  
share.













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